

**"WIRED"**

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. AN IMPOSING RED BRICK BUILDING - NIGHT

Super: **VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY**

We hear the SOUND of METAL CLANGING AGAINST METAL.

INT. DEATH CHAMBER COMPLEX PREP ROOM

SERIES OF CLOSE UPS:

An IV line being connected to a bag of saline solution.

A syringe filling from a vial marked "Sodium Pentothal."

A metal tray on which lay two other vials, one marked "Pavulon", the other "Potassium Chloride" -- each with syringes next to them. Administered in order, a recipe for death.

WIDEN to see the Medical Technicians going about the grim business of preparing a lethal injection.

As the CAMERA PUSHES PAST THE PREP ROOM TOWARD a wheeled gurney. With its clean, white sheets and pillow it almost belies its purpose. The two extended armrests with restraints and the IV tube leading from the prep room tell another story. Again, we hear the SOUND of METAL AGAINST METAL.

INT. ROOM OUTSIDE HOLDING CELL

The WARDEN and a PRIEST watch as a PRISON ENGINEER tries again to force open the cell door. The high-tech locking mechanism has malfunctioned; the door will only open four inches.

WARDEN

(to the engineer,  
concerned)

We've got a mandated time line.

The Engineer continues trying to force the door open, examining the locking mechanism from time to time.

CLOSE - CELL DOOR

It slides across the track and stops after four inches -- the SOUND of METAL HITTING METAL reverberating throughout the room.

BLACKBURN (O.S.)  
One of the classic definitions of  
insanity...

WIDER

STEVEN BLACKBURN (36), handsome and fit, sits on the cot in his cell, watching the fiasco with a mixture of humor and disdain.

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
...is repeating the same task and  
expecting different results.

The Engineer looks up. With flop sweat dripping from his forehead he glares at Blackburn.

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
Had a mullet in high school. You  
can imagine what an asshole I looked  
like.

The Engineer stares blankly at the absurd non-sequitur.

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
Didn't matter what anyone told me.  
I thought it was cool.  
(beat)  
Until my Dad told me how cool he  
thought it was.  
(beat)  
Cut it off the next day.

ENGINEER  
(annoyed)  
And this matters, why?

BLACKBURN  
To get someone to do something they  
don't want to do, sometimes you have  
better luck telling them to do the  
opposite.

As the Engineer looks over to the Warden, confused:

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
That lock uses a smart relay. Most  
likely won't open because,  
electronically, it thinks it's already  
open. You might have to convince it  
otherwise.

The Engineer's clearly not following this at all.

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
I'll speak slowly.

Blackburn rises and moves toward the engineer. With only the bars preventing a true nose to nose encounter, the Engineer's plaintive expression is asking the question that he can't dare ask himself: How?

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 You want it open... Close it.

REVERSE

The Engineer hesitates, throws a look toward the Warden, then draws the door completely shut. Once the latch springs closed, we can hear the RELAY CLICK. A moment later, the cell door slides COMPLETELY OPEN. With nothing standing between Blackburn and his fate...

BLACKBURN (CONT'D)  
 (to Engineer)  
 Smart guy, my old man.

WARDEN  
 It's time, Steven.

The cocky attitude drains from Blackburn, as the Warden, Priest and GUARDS lead him past the Engineer, toward the Death Chamber.

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY

A crowded street lined with shops and cafes.

SUPER - **"BERLIN - SIX MONTHS EARLIER"**

INT. A CAFE - DAY

A stoic GERMAN MAN - 30's - wearing an expensive watch and designer clothes holds his fork over a plate of food. Across from him are Citadel Security agents ROBERT HARRIS and ERIC GETHERS.

GETHERS  
 Citadel has been authorized by the  
 Techra Corporation to negotiate with  
 you.

GERMAN MAN  
 Negotiate for what - cigarettes?  
 Red Bull? I'm just a simple shop  
 owner.

Harris indicates the man's watch.

HARRIS  
 Business must be good at the "shop".

GERMAN MAN  
(in German - subtitled)  
Go screw yourself.

The lights of the diner cast a quick GLINT off the steel blade of a steak knife next to the German Man's plate. Something in Harris's expression changes.

Harris picks up the knife and PLUNGES IT INTO THE GERMAN MAN'S CHEST. As patrons SCREAM, Harris begins to violently "saw" the knife back and forth through the flesh.

Gethers rises, reacting in shock.

GETHERS  
Harris! What the hell?!

Gethers draws his Glock, points it toward his partner.

GETHERS (CONT'D)  
Harris!

Harris looks up at his partner, his eyes cold and menacing. He holds the dying German Man, now choking on his own blood by the collar.

GETHERS (CONT'D)  
Drop the knife, Harris!

HARRIS  
Who the hell is Harris?!

Gethers tries to remain calm, speaking slowly.

GETHERS  
You're Robert Harris. You work for  
Citadel Security.

Harris looks confused. He suddenly throws the German Man into Gethers and bolts from the restaurant.

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Harris barrels down the crowded sidewalk. He glances over his shoulder and sees...

GETHERS

Coming after him and gaining ground. People react at the sight of the gun in his hand.

HARRIS

Comes to a bottleneck on the sidewalk. Trucks and buses block the streets. He jumps on a food vendor's stand, then leaps off of it, sending condiments flying. He rushes into traffic, dodging and weaving through a sea of vehicles.

Brakes screech, horns blare as

GETHERS

Follows Harris into the street. The SOUND of squealing tires as...

A CAR SKIDS

And taps into Gethers' knees. He stumbles, falls, then scrambles up.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET

Harris heads into the entrance of a U-bahn station.

INT. U-BAHN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Harris runs down the stairs. The station is empty. He hears footsteps coming down the stairs and disappears OFF CAMERA.

ON GETHERS

Moving cautiously down the steps, his Glock leading in front of him. Reaching the bottom, he looks around - Harris is nowhere in sight. He notices a hallway leading to restrooms.

INT. U-BAHN - RESTROOM

The door opens as Gethers steps in. Seems empty.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Harris bolts out of a stall rushes Gethers! Harris is on him too fast for Gethers to get off a shot, as Harris stabs him in the arm.

Gethers elbows Harris in the ribs, but Harris grabs Gethers' gun hand. As the two struggle for control of the Glock, the barrel travels slowly towards Harris. But then Harris - suddenly - twists Gether's hand and we hear THE SNAP OF BONE.

Gethers yells out in pain as Harris turns Gether's hand so that the gun is aiming point blank into Gether's face.

CLOSE - HARRIS

As the GUNSHOT RINGS OUT, Harris' face is splattered with blood. A beat and we are on...

THE HAND OF A DEAD MAN

The CAMERA MOVES up the arm to reveal an IV.

WARDEN (O.S.)

Do you have a statement to make?

WIDEN to find us...

INT. DEATH CHAMBER - VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY

Blackburn - now strapped to the gurney, with EKG leads attached to his chest, and IV's in both arms - is a solitary figure. A window, its curtains open, reveal the Witness Viewing Room on the other side. Blackburn turns to the people in the viewing room, defiantly.

BLACKBURN

Though no one seems to give a damn  
what I have to say, I did not kill  
my wife.

But the defiance seems to drain out of him as quickly as he mustered it. Blackburn turns away from the window. The Warden nods to a Technician.

CLOSE - SYRINGE

A hand pushes the plunger, dispensing the Sodium Pentothal.

PANNING THE IV LINE

The coma inducing chemical rushes toward Blackburn and his eyes flutter closed.

THE OTHER SYRINGES

As the plungers descend, in order, sending the rest of the lethal chemicals through the IV tubes.

VIEWING WINDOW CURTAINS

Are drawn shut, as if announcing the end of a show.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER - LATER

The Warden, alone in the room moves to the lifeless body on the gurney and leans closer.

WARDEN

It's over, Blackburn.

CLOSE ON BLACKBURN'S FACE

His eyes open.

BLACKBURN

Then let's do it.

CUT TO BLACK

END OF TEASER

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. FLYOVER - NIAGARA FALLS - DAY

As we fly over the majesty of the falls...

Super: **SOMEWHERE NEAR THE US/CANADIAN BORDER**

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

In this remote, somewhat clandestine location, an armed security station is the only structure in sight.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Reveals a sign: "CITADEL - Integrated Security Solutions For The New Century".

CAMERA CRANES UP and in the far distance a modern and foreboding three story building comes INTO VIEW.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Prepare for facial reconstruction.

INT. CITADEL MEDICAL UNIT - HIGH-TECH OPERATING ROOM

STEVE BLACKBURN

Is on the operating table, intubated and surrounded by medical equipment. Oddly, a series of robotic "arms" perform the actual operation which are controlled by Surgeons sitting at computer terminals.

Dozens of monitors surround this room. We are watching complex and "sexy" CGI images as sections of Blackburn's face separate and become a three-dimensional, rotating WIREFAME.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

This room, too, is stacked with electronic displays. Whatever you can't see through the window into the OR, you can see on the monitors.

Watching the procedure is HENRY TOWLER (49), the founder and CEO of Citadel. His bearing and power suit tells us he's the one in charge. With him is GRETA WOOLVAC (37), the cold and calculating Head of Citadel Field Operations. And wearing a white Lab Coat is DR. WALTER GAULWAY (53), the avuncular head of Citadel Medical Research.

INTERCUT:

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The images on the monitors now display detailed MRI-like views of Blackburn's brain. As those images separate and rotate on the monitors:

LEAD SURGEON  
Ready for the implant.

A SLEEK CARBONITE CAPSULE sits on a medical tray inside an open, metal box. A small LED blinks steadily on the device.

LEAD SURGEON (CONT'D)  
Preparing for insertion.

The capsule is picked up by a sophisticated robot hand. As another robot hand brings a drill to the side of Blackburn's shaved head and exposed skull, a laser target is projected on the skull area.

GAULWAY  
(through intercom)  
Correct to three microns left.

THE LASER TARGET REPOSITIONS as the drill approaches, about to do its business.

CAMERA CLOSES IN ON BLACKBURN - COMPOSED MONTAGE

We see a RUSH OF IMAGES from Steve Blackburn's life. They're STYLIZED, fractured moments. With his wife. With friends. In school. And then...the BODY OF GAIL BLACKBURN, lying on a rug in a pool of blood.

AS THESE IMAGES RACE BY, the robot hand holding the implant begins to move toward the newly-drilled hole in Steve Blackburn's head, placing the implant.

The IMAGES BEGIN TO GO SOFT and then begin to FADE.

WOOLVAC  
Goodbye, Mr. Blackburn.

Gaulway reacts to the callousness of the remark. From his body language we can tell there is tension between them.

CLOSE - BLACKBURN

A facial reconstruction unit covers his face as his life as Steven Blackburn fades into oblivion. Slowly, the mechanism begins to rise.

ON MONITORS

The images of Blackburn's NEW FACE appear rotating in three dimensions.

WOOLVAC (CONT'D)  
Hello Agent Quill.

TOWLER  
Congratulations, Walter.

Gaulway frowns at the compliment.

GAULWAY  
We're too early for that.  
(beat)  
Have you found your Agent Quill a partner?

WOOLVAC  
We have.

EXT. A BUSY THOROUGHFARE - DAY

Super: **BUENOS AIRES**

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

We're CLOSE ON FAITH KELMAN (32.) At the moment, she's driving a sedan, weaving in and out of traffic. Kelman's attractive and determined as she follows a black Town Car, just up ahead.

CAMERA ADJUSTS to find her partner, HARRY DANVERS, riding shotgun.

DANVERS  
If we live through your driving how do we play this?

KELMAN  
Assuming they have Mrs. Montoya, we take her.

NEW ANGLE

The Town Car disappears into the underground garage of a large skyscraper.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

The Town Car pulls up to an elevator bank. Two well-dressed men lead an attractive, early 40's woman out of the car.

INT. BUENOS VISTA TOWER - CORRIDOR

Elevator doors open. Weapons drawn, Kelman and Danvers move down the hall. They seem to know exactly what office they're looking for. They stop at a door with the letters: GUTIERREZ AND ASSOCIATES.

Kelman gives the nod and they kick their way into the room.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The outer office is empty. Our team continues through the open door into the inner office. RAMON GUTIERREZ sits behind his desk. He's one of the men we saw taking the woman from the Town Car. His ASSOCIATE is nearby.

KELMAN  
Where's Mrs. Montoya?

GUTIERREZ  
I'm afraid I don't know the woman.

Kelman levels her gun toward Gutierrez. Danvers covers the Associate before he can go for his own weapon.

KELMAN  
I'll count to five.

GUTIERREZ  
You can count to...

KELMAN  
One.  
(beat)  
Two.

GUTIERREZ  
Really, this is...

KELMAN  
Three.

And with that she FIRES TWICE, killing Gutierrez. His chair rolls back from his desk and he slumps to the floor.

Then she turns her gun on the Associate.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not very good at math.  
(beat)  
One.  
(beat)  
Two.

The Associate breaks.

ASSOCIATE  
(in Spanish)  
Alright. Enough. She's in the next room.

Kelman indicates and he leads them to the room. As he opens the door, we can see Mrs. Montoya, gagged and tied to a chair.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. GUTIERREZ OFFICE - LATER

Police. Crime scene. Etc. Danvers is turning a shaken Mrs. Montoya over to the police. He comes back into the room. Kelman's standing over Gutierrez' body on the floor.

DANVERS

You could've given him to five.

With her foot, Kelman rolls Gutierrez onto his back. There's a snub-nosed .38 under his body and it's clear he's wearing an ankle holster.

KELMAN

He wouldn't have given me to four.

As the crime scene gets busy around us, We CLOSE IN ON KELMAN and the IMAGE GOES GRAINY.

MATCH CUT:

INT. TOWLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kelman's image is frozen on the monitors. Towler's talking with Gaulway and Woolvac. ANGLE ADJUSTS to see that there are literally dozens of monitors in Towler's office. Each is marked with a time and a location. Among them: **Paris. Rome. Amsterdam. Riyadh. Caracas.**

TOWLER

Faith Kelman, thirty two, been with us four years. Personality profile suggests they'll be a good match.

GAULWAY

Unless he experiences a bleedthrough and slaughters her.

WOOLVAC

That's not going to happen. You've upped the amplitude and corrected the position.

GAULWAY

It needs another six months of testing, I've been very clear.

WOOLVAC

And so have I about my need for more agents in the field.

The tension between these two is palpable. Towler turns to Gaulway, his decision made long before.

TOWLER

(to Gaulway)

Agent Kelman will be here tomorrow.  
Walk her through the program, Walter.

(beat)

To a point, of course.

A look from Gaulway tells him he knows exactly what Towler means.

INT. CITADEL - MEDICAL UNIT - RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

JAMES QUILL, the former Steven Blackburn, lies in a medically induced coma, connected to tubes and electronic devices. His features are similar, yet different...as if Quill could be Blackburn's even better looking brother.

GAULWAY (O.S.)

Steven Blackburn had been trained as a fighter pilot. When he left the service, he bought a plane and hired himself out.

KELMAN (O.S.)

Cargo, Private, Passenger?

INT. VIEWING ROOM

Agent Faith Kelman is with Gaulway, watching through the glass.

GAULWAY

Drug smuggling, money laundering...  
among other things.

KELMAN

But that part of him is gone?

GAULWAY

Blackburn will have no memory of who and what he was. His past has been permanently erased. He's now programmed with a full set of new memories - a complete life history as James Quill.

Kelman looks to Gaulway who seems to be holding back something.

GAULWAY (CONT'D)

As thorough as the procedure is,  
elements of Blackburn's personality  
will remain intact.

KELMAN

If you had to describe that personality...

GAULWAY

Direct. A little stubborn. He was known to go to lengths to make sure his point was made.

KELMAN

What was Blackburn convicted of?

GAULWAY

Murder. Stabbed his wife with a butcher knife.

(beat)

Twenty-seven times.

Kelman nods - taking this in.

KELMAN

I'd say he'd made his point.

INT. CITADEL HALLWAY - DAY

MOVING WITH Kelman and Gaulway.

GAULWAY

In addition to his new identity, we've also implanted the knowledge necessary for him to have been a Chicago Police Officer recently recruited by Citadel.

Gaulway reaches a secure metal door.

GAULWAY (CONT'D)

We anticipate that, as our first Beta 2 project, Mr. Quill will be a success.

KELMAN

(realizing the implication)

What happened to the beta 1's?

He swipes a security card over an infra-red panel.

INT. CITADEL MEDICAL UNIT - "B-WING" - DAY

Fluorescent light illuminates the unit - a long corridor bisecting a series of medical "bays" that begin a few feet down from the door. Sterile white and steel. Each bay is something of an isolated life-support unit.

FOLLOWING GAULWAY AND KELMAN

Toward the bays.

GAULWAY  
We call them "bleeders".

Kelman appears slightly confused by the term as they slowly approach the first set of bays.

GAULWAY (CONT'D)  
Shortly after their procedures,  
fragments of their old memories began  
to bleed through the implant.

As they pass, Kelman peers into:

THE BAYS

Each one houses a failed subject. Their heads are shaved with dull purple scars on their skulls from medical experiments. Most appear completely catatonic.

Kelman jumps back when ONE MAN SUDDENLY reaches out as if he's going to grab her. But it quickly becomes clear that he's simply hoping to touch something that isn't there.

KELMAN AND GAULWAY

Continue down the hallway.

GAULWAY (CONT'D)  
They're all schizophrenic to some  
degree, their real memories in  
conflict with the implanted ones.

Kelman stops in front of one particular bay.

IN THE BAY - ROBERT HARRIS

The Citadel Agent we watched murder his partner in the teaser.

Slowly, he turns his head and looks at Kelman - or rather through Kelman. We see a hideous scar on both sides of his temple.

GAULWAY (CONT'D)  
Brian Wheeler was a serial killer  
who specialized in carving up his  
victims with a steak knife. Alive.  
We turned him into Citadel Agent  
Robert Harris. He was performing  
quite well until he had a massive  
bleed through in the field.  
(beat)  
Now, he's nobody.

Gaulway's unprompted and graphic description seems almost like a warning to her.

KELMAN

Did he become violent?

But Gaulway can only go so far.

GAULWAY

No. Just confused.

(beat)

He's completely harmless. They're all harmless.

As they move off, we HOLD ON WHEELER, his glare as cold and menacing as when he blew his partner's head off.

EXT. CITADEL - ESTABLISHING - MORNING

A black SUV guns up to the Guard Station. Quill thrusts his arm out the window impatiently, his ID in hand.

QUILL (O.S.)

Agent Kelman?

INT. CITADEL HALLWAY - OUTSIDE AN OFFICE - MORNING

Kelman stands in front of a Secretary's desk. She turns to see Quill striding toward her. In person and up close, he's more handsome than she remembers.

QUILL

James Quill.

He holds out his hand. Kelman - knowing that he used to be a murderer who stabbed his wife 27 time - hesitates. Quill wiggles his fingers with a rakish charm and winks.

QUILL (CONT'D)

Getting a little lonely down here.

She takes his hand with a tight smile. They react to a BUZZ on the Secretary's phone. She picks it up and then looks over to them.

SECRETARY

He's ready for you.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. ALBIN MUNSY'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A PHOTO - a bearded Arabic man in his 30's.

MUNSY (O.S.)

Abdul Amir.

WIDEN TO REVEAL ALBIN MUNSY (43)

Watching the image on a computer screen with Kelman and Quill. Munsy is their Case Handler.

MUNSY (CONT'D)  
Amir's a known terrorist with ties  
to Al Qaeda.

We see more of IMAGES, including:

Amir with a group of men behind a paramilitary vehicle in an alley of a Middle-Eastern town.

Amir in camos at a training camp holding an Ak-47, somewhere in the desert.

BACK ON MUNSY

MUNSY (CONT'D)  
He was spotted in Barbados in the  
company of a young American woman.

Munsy moves a mouse on another computer and a VIDEO begins to load.

MUNSY (CONT'D)  
That raised flags with local  
authorities.

ON THE MONITOR - SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE

Amir and a pretty YOUNG WOMAN at a restaurant. They're at a table, holding hands, occasionally kissing.

MUNSY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Her name's Joan Faraday. The day  
after this was shot, she checked out  
of her hotel and Barbados lost track  
of her.

BACK WITH THE THREE

Quill looks doubtful.

QUILL  
Lost track?

MUNSY  
(to Quill)  
As far as we know, Barbados is still  
on our side in the War on Terror,  
Agent Quill.

QUILL  
I wasn't questioning their loyalty,  
Agent Munsy, just their competence.

Munsy looks back to the monitor. Quill can't help himself:

QUILL (CONT'D)  
Which clearly, they're in short supply  
of.

Munsy ignores the remark.

MUNSY (O.S.)  
They contacted Homeland Security.  
Homeland hired us to find out if  
there's anything they should be  
concerned about.

Kelman and Quill wait for more. But there doesn't seem to  
be any.

MUNSY (CONT'D)  
We have an office for you down the  
hall.

As Kelman and Quill get up...

KELMAN  
(to Munsy)  
Can I have a minute?

Quill glances over, but then exits. As the door closes...

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
Isn't it enough I'm stuck with  
Frankenstein? This is lightweight,  
Munsy. Citadel doesn't do lightweight  
and I didn't sign on for this kind  
of crap case.

MUNSY  
It's a test run for Quill. We want  
to see how he reacts in the field  
before we send him into the lion's  
den.

Kelman glares at Munsy - not pleased.

MUNSY (CONT'D)  
No one's forcing you to accept the  
partner or the assignment, Agent  
Kelman.

KELMAN  
You know very well how much choice I  
have in anything at Citadel.

Whatever Kelman's alluding to, Munsy doesn't challenge it.  
As Kelman moves to the door...

MUNSY

Remember what Dr. Gaulway said, report anything unusual in his behavior immediately.

KELMAN

And if there is?

MUNSY

He'll be taken out of service.

Having seen "B-Wing and it's horrors, she knows exactly what that means. As the door closes we...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CITADEL - KELMAN/QUILL'S OFFICE - LATER

On their Computer, Kelman and Quill are reviewing security camera footage of Joan Faraday and Abdul Amir.

After a moment...

QUICK PUSH IN INTO QUILL'S EYES.

A Signature Optical Effect takes us into BLEEDTHROUGH MODE, followed by a STYLIZED SCENE:

*Blackburn's Wife in the arms of ANOTHER MAN as Blackburn screams at her in a jealous rage. We hear her fractured words telling him that he's got it wrong -- this is her brother.*

BACK ON QUILL

Confused by what he's just "seen". Kelman reaches over to stop the video. But Quill, haunted by the image of the bleedthrough...

QUILL

We should watch it again.

KELMAN

We've seen it three times.

QUILL

Sometimes what you think you're seeing isn't always an accurate representation of what you're actually seeing.

Off of this cryptic piece of wisdom...

TIME CUT TO:

COMPUTER SCREEN

Just as before, the couple holds hands, kisses, etc.

QUILL (O.S.)

No heat.

WIDER

Quill studies the footage intensely. Kelman glances over to him.

KELMAN  
 (sarcastic)  
 Because they're not shoving their  
 tongues down each other's throats?

QUILL  
 Exactly.

Kelman looks over to him, slightly disgusted.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
 Two people on vacation in a single's  
 resort and they're acting like they're  
 in a Lifetime Movie.

Quill grabs Kelman's hand.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
 This is what they're doing.

Quill imitates the way Amir and Faraday are holding hands on  
 the screen.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
 This is what they should be doing.

Now he interlaces his fingers with hers. Looking into  
 Kelman's eyes, he slowly, suggestively, slides his fingers  
 in and out. Kelman - caught of guard - and liking what she's  
 feeling, finds herself looking into his eyes.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
 Before you do it for the first time,  
 you do it with every other part of  
 your body.

Kelman snaps back to reality and pulls her hand away.

KELMAN  
 (sarcastic)  
 Romantic.

QUILL  
 Romance isn't part of day two of a  
 hump-and-dump vacation in the  
 Caribbean.

KELMAN  
 Believe it or not, it is possible  
 for two people to meet and actually...

But she suddenly stops in mid-sentence as something on the  
 screen catches her eye.

QUILL  
 What?

## THE MONITOR

We see the waiter hand the bill back with a credit card on top. As Joan Faraday takes it.

KELMAN (O.S.)  
The credit card. It's hers.  
(beat)  
She's paying the bill.

QUILL (O.S.)  
It happens.

KELMAN (O.S.)  
Not on day two of a hump-and-dump in  
the Caribbean.

## KELMAN AND QUILL

It's clear that Kelman is starting to pay more attention to his theory.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
Let's assume you're right.  
(beat)  
Why do it? Why put on an act?

QUILL  
Maybe they wanted to draw attention  
away from the real reason they were  
meeting.

KELMAN  
Which would be?

Quill smiles his charming smile.

QUILL  
I suppose that's what they want us  
to find out.  
(beat)  
Lotion.

KELMAN  
What?

QUILL  
You might want to think about using  
some.

Quill breaks his rudeness with another smiles.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
Just a thought.

As he turns back to look at the footage again, Kelman -  
clenches her dry hands reflexively.

INT. CITADEL CONTROL - NIGHT

IAN DABROWSKI (26) sits behind an array of monitors. On his "Hero Screen" is a live image of Quill's Dining Room. Smaller screens transmit live images of the other rooms in the condo.

INTERCUT:

INT. QUILL'S CONDO - NIGHT

Quill's condo has been fully decked out with "memories," photos, etc. With a scotch in hand, he picks up a photo of himself, alongside an attractive brunette. Placing the photo down he crosses to the phone.

INT. CITADEL CONTROL - NIGHT

Ian reacts to a RING-TONE. Looks to his Hero Screen where a message appears: "QUILL INCOMING TO SISTER"

Ian clicks his mouse which brings up a short list of names. He moves the cursor to "Sister" and clicks.

IAN  
(into headset)  
Jimmy. I haven't heard from you for  
awhile.

INTERCUT:

INT. QUILL'S APARTMENT

Quill slouches in a chair, his feet up, sipping his scotch.

QUILL  
I've been busy.

Ian moves his mouse and on another monitor, we see a series of graphs and line waves. Graphics identify each one as a separate bio-metric reading:- heart rate, Oxygen to Carbon Dioxide ratio, respiratory rate, etc.

As Quill listens, we realize that Ian's voice has been computer synthesized to sound like a woman.

IAN  
You sound down.

QUILL  
Just tired.

Ian fishes for any clue that Quill might be having trouble "adjusting" to his new personality.

IAN  
If there's anything bothering you,  
you know you can talk to me.

Quill rolls his eyes like any brother having to deal with a overly concerned female relative.

NEW ANGLE

Woolvac and Gaulway are in the room, watching and listening. Ian studies the graphs, which now move as Quill speaks, depicting his biological rates.

IAN (CONT'D)

How's the job?

QUILL

Beth, you know I can't talk about my work.

IAN

I wasn't asking for details.

Quill sighs. Knows he's got to give her something.

QUILL

Got a new partner. I have a feeling she's going to be a pain in the ass.

IAN

Then you two should get along just fine.

QUILL

Yeah.

Ian takes one more look at the bio-monitor and nods to Woolvac. She turns to Gaulway.

WOOLVAC

The new implant's working perfectly.

GAULWAY

Having a conversation with his sister isn't exactly the acid test.

QUILL

What about you? Kids okay?

IAN

The school shrink thinks Aaron might have "Oppositional Defiance Disorder".

Quill smiles.

QUILL

Really? That's great.

IAN

Not funny, James.

As Quill lowers his scotch, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

A BOTTLE OF MOISTURIZING LOTION as it's set down on a desk.

WIDEN TO FIND US

INT. KELMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Kelman rubs the lotion in, she watches a "You Tube" Video of an old CNN News Report. It's a crime scene. Outside a mountain cabin - marked off with yellow crime tape - is a phalanx of police vehicles, crime scene investigators and reporters. As a Coroner's Team wheels a sheet covered body out...

REPORTER'S VOICE

The jury took less than two hours to find Steven Blackburn guilty of the murder of his wife, Gail. The prosecution believed - and the jury agreed - that the added charge of special circumstances was justified because of the vicious nature of the attack...the victim was not only stabbed repeatedly but her neck wound was so severe it qualified as decapitation.

ON KELMAN

As she practically rubs the skin off her hands.

INT. CITADEL SECURITY - KELMAN/QUILL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Quill enters with a paper coffee cup in hand to find Kelman already there at her computer. She looks tired and disheveled.

QUILL

You don't look so hot.

Kelman doesn't look up.

KELMAN

Thanks. Been here since six.

QUILL

Hope you're not trying to impress me, I really don't..

KELMAN

Couldn't sleep.

Kelman reads off a sheet.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

Credit Card company came through with Joan Faraday's social security number.

(reading off a sheet)

The billing statement goes to a P.O. Box but Social Security has her at 640 Columbia Drive, Austin, Texas.

QUILL

Good.

She hands the sheet to him. As he looks it over -

QUILL (CONT'D)

Date of birth March 5th, 1998.

(beat)

Not so good.

He raises an eyebrow at what he reads next.

QUILL (CONT'D)

Date of death, October nineteenth 2002. Even less good.

He looks up.

QUILL (CONT'D)

American woman with a stolen identity snuggling up to a known terrorist.

KELMAN

Canadian Immigration shows she entered the country six days ago.

QUILL

Where?

KELMAN

Toronto.

QUILL

Any credit card purchases since she got back?

Kelman pulls out a package.

KELMAN

No, but this came in.

She pulls a woman's sweater out of the package, holds it up.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

She left Barbados before her dry cleaning came back.

Quill gives it a quick once over.

QUILL  
 Won't get any DNA matches, it's  
 already been cleaned.

KELMAN  
 Take a closer look.

Quill examines it again. Still looks puzzled.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
 You don't see it?

Quill turns it over.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
 (enjoying this)  
 Still nothing?

Quill's had enough.

QUILL  
 Ego is a curious thing, Agent Kelman.  
 How many attempts at humiliation  
 does yours require to get the  
 satisfaction it needs?

Kelman glares at him. It's clear that she's enjoying no  
 part of this partnership.

KELMAN  
 The label.

CLOSE - SWEATER LABEL - it reads "Landbridge".

KELMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Landbridge is a high end store in  
 Boston.

BACK TO THEM

QUILL  
 Could've been a gift that was mailed  
 to her.

KELMAN  
 Yes.  
 (beat)  
 It could've.

QUILL  
 But Ian should run her picture against  
 Boston area databases...schools,  
 jails, hospitals.

KELMAN  
 He's doing that.

A beat then Quill smiles.

                            QUILL  
                            Then you're ahead of me.

As Kelman forces a smile back...

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

Super: **BOSTON**

                            HARRIET SMITH (O.S.)  
                            That's Janice.

INT. MODEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

We're CLOSE ON A YEAR BOOK PICTURE. It's a younger Joan Faraday. Only the name below the photo reads: JANICE SMITH.

NEW ANGLE

Kelman and Quill sit on a sofa across from HARRIET SMITH (late 50s). BOB SMITH (early 60s) stands nearby. They are middle class parents who are trying to deal with a situation completely out of their experience. As Mrs. Smith closes the yearbook:

                            HARRIET SMITH  
                            We tried to do everything right with  
                            her. It seems it all turned out  
                            wrong.

                            BOB SMITH  
                            (anger born out of  
                            frustration)  
                            Janice made her choices.

                            HARRIET SMITH  
                            It was after her first year in  
                            college, that we first sensed a  
                            change.

                            KELMAN  
                            What kind of change?

                            HARRIET SMITH  
                            She started smoking. She stopped  
                            going to church. The people she  
                            hung out with were...

Harries hesitates, looks for politically correct words.

                            HARRIET SMITH (CONT'D)  
                            ...not bad people. They just weren't  
                            the kind we were used to.

BOB SMITH  
That's a damn understatement.

HARRIET SMITH  
They had ideas. You know...

QUILL  
That weren't your kind of ideas.

HARRIET SMITH  
(nods)  
She called home less and less until  
she...

Tears begin to roll down her cheeks.

HARRIET SMITH (CONT'D)  
...hardly ever called at all.

QUILL  
Maybe she has Oppositional Defiance  
Disorder.

Kelman throws him a look as The PHONE RINGS O.S. and Harriet -  
relieved for the distraction - gets up.

HARRIET SMITH  
Excuse me.

As she moves to another room, Bob looks to them.

BOB SMITH  
We didn't even know that she went to  
Barbados.  
(at a loss)  
What was she doing in Barbados?

A look from Kelman and Quill. That is the twenty-four  
thousand dollar question.

KELMAN  
Mr. Smith...

Kelman hands him a card.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
If you hear from her, it's important  
that you let us know.

BOB SMITH  
She's in trouble, isn't she?

KELMAN  
We don't know.  
(beat)  
Maybe.

Bob Smith stares at the card numbly.

INT. STARBUCK'S - BOSTON - DAY

Kelman and Quill watch as the pretty young Barista fills their order. As she works the foam nozzle up and down into the pitcher...

QUILL  
It's all in the wrist, isn't it?

She glances over, still working the nozzle. Quill smiles.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
That's what I'm told.

The Barista gives up the slightest smile back. Kelman shakes her head, not believing the girl's falling for this shit. Kelman's cell RINGS.

KELMAN  
(into cell)  
Kelman.  
(listens, then)  
Yes, I understand. Thank you.

She hangs up, looks to Quill.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
Janice Smith called her parents to let them know she was okay. Ian's getting a trace now.

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A Gulfstream G-5 with the Citadel Logo emblazoned on its nose lifts off and streaks into the sky.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

Super: **TORONTO**

INT. RENTAL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kelman and Quill sit inside, looking at a derelict building that's obviously abandoned. Large letters of faded paint read: "HEMPLEMYER MEATS". Below it is their slogan: "SMOKING UP CANADIAN GOODNESS SINCE 1936".

QUILL  
She phoned her parents from a Smokehouse.  
(beat)  
I hate smoked meat.

KELMAN

(dry)  
I'll file that for future reference.

QUILL

What the hell would she be doing here?

After a moment...

KELMAN

Her parents did say she'd started smoking.

Quill looks over and smiles.

QUILL

There's life in you yet, agent.

CLOSE ON A LOCK

Mounted on a metal plate on a heavy industrial door. A WOMAN'S HAND comes into frame holding a BLACK RECTANGULAR DEVICE, the size of a small cellphone. There's a thin "nozzle" protruding from the end of the box.

The hand places the nozzle in the lock and presses a button on the box, A HISSING SOUND of high pressure releasing. A LED lights up green on the box and the hand slowly turns the box, unlocking the door.

The hand then pulls the box out of the lock and we see that a hard-molded "key" now protrudes from the end of it - a quick-drying polymer that formed itself to the lock and hardened.

WIDER - KELMAN HOLDS THE BOX "KEY"

And trades a look with Quill before they both enter.

INT. MEAT SMOKING PLANT - NIGHT

Through high, filthy, industrial windows, barely enough light casts through to see in the abandoned plant.

KELMAN AND QUILL

Weapons drawn, move slowly past long neglected equipment - peeling machines, steel slicing tables, desalting tubs - now layered with a grimy patina of rust, dirt, dried animal blood and grease.

They continue through into...

INT. PLANT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Kelman and Quill stop in the doorway, trade looks as they see COTS, BOTTLED WATER, CANNED GOODS and a newer model LAPTOP COMPUTER, its Windows Desktop Page glowing in the darkness. It's clear that someone has been using this as a makeshift living quarters.

ON QUILL

He comes upon ROLLED UP MATS in the corner. He unravels one to reveal an Arabic pattern.

ON KELMAN

She sits at the desk and manipulates the mouse on the computer. She sees the edge of a card with a small antenna in one of the card slots. Looks to Quill.

KELMAN

Wireless.

Kelman pulls out her cell, speed dials and holds it to her ear.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

(low, into phone)

We're in. There's a laptop connected to the internet.

INTERCUT:

INT. CITADEL - CONTROL ROOM

Ian speaks on his headset.

IAN

Go into Hyperterminal and follow my instructions. I'll download the hard drive.

ANGLE - QUILL

Picks up a book sitting next to the laptop - a copy of the Koran.

COMPUTER SCREEN

A MESSAGE READS "DRIVE C: FILES STREAMING"

KELMAN AND QUILL

React to the sounds of VOICES from another room. They both pull up their weapons and move toward the sound.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The VOICES are coming from the other side of a door. Kelman nudges it gently and it cracks open.

THEIR POV

Two ARABIC MEN and a woman we recognize as JANICE SMITH - aka Joan Faraday - sit at a table. As Janice sips a cup of coffee, one of the men is speaking loudly, passionately.

KELMAN

Looks to Quill and holds up one finger, a second, then a third and nods.

INT MEAT SMOKING PLANT - ANOTHER ROOM

The group reacts as Kelman and Quill kick the door open.

KELMAN

Put your hands in the air! Now!

But instead of complying, the Men produce weapons and begin FIRING.

Quill fires back and misses. As the men dive to the side, Janice remains, frozen in fear.

THE SECOND ARABIC MAN

Grabs a Mac-Ten and fires at the doorway.

KELMAN AND QUILL

As the bullets spray the door frame, they jump out of the room and back into the factory floor.

ON THE ARABIC GUNMEN

Pursuing them, now both armed with automatic weapons.

KELMAN AND QUILL

Take cover behind two large kettles, as a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE strafes the metal containers. From their protective position they return fire, but it's clear they're outgunned.

Quill ejects the cartridge from his gun and slams another one into place. Automatic fire continues to rain around them as the Arabic Men advance.

Kelman trades a look with Quill, indicating they have to move. At her nod, they rush out from behind the kettles, firing rapidly.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Arabic men duck back. Kelman and Quill dive into...

INT. ANOTHER ROOM

Kelman and Quill close the heavy metal door behind them and lock it. After a moment, the FIRING STOPS.

QUILL

They're gone.

Kelman goes to the door and tries the handle. But it won't open. They realize that just as they locked it from the inside...the Arabic Men have locked it from the outside!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Kelman and Quill take in their surroundings. Above them, hooks are suspended.

KELMAN

We're in the smoking chamber.

They react to the ELECTRICAL HUM of engines coming to life. They look to

VENTS ON THE WALLS - blue-gray smoke begins to spew out.

WIDER

Kelman pulls out her cell and dials. Looks to Quill.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

No service.

As the smoke begins to fill the room, they look up to...

THE CEILING

Glass Louvered Windows meant to aid the smoking process, allow some of the smoke to escape, but not enough to breath.

BACK TO THEM

They look to each other, knowing that within minutes they're going to pass out and die from smoke inhalation.

QUILL

Did I tell you I hate smoked meat?

As they begin frantically searching the walls for footholds to reach the ceiling, we:

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MEAT SMOKING CHAMBER - NIGHT

Kelman and Quill now coughing and blinded by the smoke, try desperately to find a way out.

PUSH IN TO QUILL'S EYES

Signature Optical Effect takes us into BLEEDTHROUGH MODE followed by A STYLIZED SCENE:

*At night on a jungle airstrip, a truck barrels toward Blackburn who stands at the end of the runway, making no attempt to get out of the way. The truck suddenly nose dives out of sight and we see that Blackburn is standing on the other side of a culvert -- too dark for the truck driver to have seen.*

OUT OF THE BLEEDTHROUGH

Quill looks up to the louvered ceiling windows out of their reach.

QUILL

(calmly)

To get out of harm's way, sometimes you have to stand directly in its path.

Kelman is sure she didn't hear him right.

KELMAN

What?

QUILL

We have to close the vent windows. There's got to be a switch.

He begins searching for the cut-off. Kelman looks at him like he's gone mad.

KELMAN

It'll just kill us faster!

QUILL

This chamber has to have some kind of "failsafe". If it senses an overload, it might shut itself down.

KELMAN

You don't know that!

QUILL

No, I don't. I do know that if we don't do something we're going to be dead in a few minutes.

As he continues to search for the switch, she stares at him, not knowing what to think.

QUILL (CONT'D)

You going to help me or not?!

Kelman isn't convinced, but with time running out, she joins him in the search in the thick haze. Finally...

QUILL'S HAND FINDS A LEVER

He pulls it back. They look up.

THE ROOF WINDOWS

Begin to close.

THE SCENE

Now with no ventilation, the smoke completely immerses the room like a gray, deathly steam bath.

QUILL (CONT'D)

Get on the floor!

Choking, Quill and Kelman lay down the floor.

CLOSE - KELMAN AND QUILL

Laying side by side, their eyes meet...nothing happening but more smoke filling the room. Kelman closes her eyes, waiting for unconsciousness to come.

INT. THE PLANT CONTROL ROOM - DAY

On a CONTROL PANEL, dials are pushed into the red. Suddenly a WARNING LIGHT BEGINS TO BLINK. We hear a KLAXON BLARE.

INT. SMOKING CHAMBER

We are CLOSE ON KELMAN'S FACE as she opens her eyes, reacting to the SIREN. She looks over. Quill's not there.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Quill is on his feet, looking at the VENTS on the wall...HUGE FANS BEGIN TO TURN. THE SMOKE IS BEING SUCKED OUT!

THE LOUVERED WINDOWS

Suddenly begin to open.

## THE ROOM

Kelman joins him, both watching their death sentence being commuted.

KELMAN

Good call.

Quill just nods, not only uncomfortable with compliments, but not sure how the hell he came up with the call in the first place.

EXT. TORONTO HOTEL - DAY

A typical business class "suite-style" hotel.

QUILL (O.S.)

Define "Free Internet".

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A twenty-something CLERK at the reception desk answers.

CLERK

Like I said, it's free of charge for our guests.

Quill smiles smugly and turns a brochure around.

QUILL

Then what's this?

A BROCHURE

As Quill stabs his finger on the brochure: room rates, services and some very small type.

QUILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Next to the asterisk that you need the Hubble Telescope to read.

BACK TO SCENE

The Clerk remains infuriatingly calm as only lower level management can.

CLERK

A four ninety nine access surcharge.

QUILL

Does that not, by definition, make it not free?

CLERK

The service itself is complimentary. The surcharge is a government fee that, by law, we...

QUILL  
 ...pass on to the customer, which  
 makes it...

KELMAN  
 Quill..

QUILL  
 (annoyed)  
 What?

KELMAN  
 It's five dollars.

INT. MUNSY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Munsy on his phone.

MUNSY  
 CSIS says they cleared out pretty  
 good. No one saw them leaving the  
 scene.

INTERCUT:

INT. KELMAN'S HOTEL ROOM

Kelman on her cell.

KELMAN  
 Prints?

MUNSY  
 Don't know yet. There were fresh  
 tire tracks outside of the loading  
 dock. Must've been parked inside.  
 How did Janice Smith look?

KELMAN  
 Like she was enjoying the hell out  
 of her latte.

MUNSY  
 No restraints?

KELMAN  
 No.  
 (beat)  
 Should we consider the target in  
 Toronto?

MUNSY  
 With Janice Smith's involvement,  
 unlikely. It was probably just a  
 safe place to plan things out.  
 (then)  
 Quill?

KELMAN  
No problems so far.

As Munsy nods, we are...

ON A PAIR OF HANDS

Hovering over a laptop keyboard - frozen.

WIDEN to find us...

INT. QUILL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Also at his desk, he stares at his laptop screen, grinding his teeth.

THE SCREEN

We see a hotel Web Page, prompting him to click his acceptance of the \$4.99 Internet Access Charge.

EXT. SUITES HOTEL - TORONTO - MORNING

Kelman waits for the rental car to be brought up by the valet, as Quill joins her.

KELMAN  
Ian's forensics of the hard drive found detailed schematics of the Federal Building in Boston.

QUILL  
Juicy.

KELMAN  
Get's juicier. The Governor's giving a speech there tonight.

QUILL  
Not anymore.

KELMAN  
He's not canceling. They'll double security, but without something more concrete he won't call it off.

QUILL  
Another reason I'm glad I didn't vote for the asshole.

KELMAN  
You didn't vote for him because you don't live in his state, Quill.

QUILL  
There's that too.

KELMAN

Our best bet is to find Janice Smith.  
They just got a hit on her credit  
card in Boston. She rented a panel  
truck.

That a panel truck is the vehicle of choice for terrorist  
bomb deliveries is not lost on Quill.

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The Citadel G-5 lands.

Super: **BOSTON**

INT. KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

A GPS display tells us they're headed for the rental car  
agency.

QUILL

There is some good news by the way.

Kelman looks over.

QUILL (CONT'D)

The hotel reversed the internet  
charges.

Kelman's phone rings.

INTERCUT:

INT. CITADEL SECURITY - CONTROL ROOM

Ian speaks into his headset.

IAN

Janice Smith's cell's in use. I'm  
tracking on an NSA satellite.

KELMAN

Where is she?

IAN

Moving North on Livingston, passing  
fourth.

Kelman slams on the brakes. As CAR HORNS BLAST, she executes  
a hairy U-Turn and pushes the pedal to the floor.

EXT. BOSTON STREETS - THE CAR - DAY

Kelman weaves through traffic at high rate of speed.

INT. CITADEL CONTROL - DAY

Ian watches a GPS image on his Hero Screen. There are two blips - one representing Kelman and Quill's car, the other Janice Smith's cell.

IAN

She should be crossing in front of you now.

INTERCUT:

EXT. BOSTON STREET

In front of Kelman and Quill's car, a Black Passat whips across the intersection.

Kelman hangs a right, almost losing control. Out of the fishtail, she guns it.

QUILL

That's not a panel truck.

KELMAN

I can see that. Ian got a lock on Janice Smith's cell. She's just ahead of us.

Kelman puts her cell to her ear.

CITADEL CONTROL

Ian watches the chase.

KELMAN'S VOICE

(in his headphone)

Following a Black Passat, Massachusetts plate four-nine-Harry-Baker-six-one.

THE BLACK PASSAT

Screeches into a hard right.

KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR

Make the turn behind it. Their rear end slides out, clipping a parked van. Kelman regains control and races on.

THE STREET AHEAD

It's tight - cars parked on both sides. In spite of this, Kelman accelerates, their car swiping the sides of the parked vehicles as it picks up speed.

KELMAN AND QUILL'S SIDEVIEW MIRROR

Smacks into a parked car's passenger side, snapping it off.

THE SCENE

Both cars weave in and out of traffic, Kelman and Quill's car a half a block back. Suddenly a car changes lanes in front of them.

Kelman swerves - barely missing it.

THE PASSAT

Makes an abrupt left turn at the next intersection, disappearing around the corner.

EXT. SIDE STREET

Kelman and Quill's car comes into view and brakes to a hard stop.

INT. KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR

They look around...the Passat is nowhere to be seen. Going on instinct, Kelman floors it. Making the next left, she slows down as they react to THE PASSAT, parked in front of a building, the front door slightly ajar.

THE STREET

Kelman pulls their car up behind it. She and Quill get out, weapons drawn.

Seeing no one inside and no one in the street running, they turn to the only possible place she could have gone.

PANNING UP AN APARTMENT BUILDING

A massive structure, forty stories tall.

ON KELMAN & QUILL

Stare impassively as they take in the impossible search in front of them.

QUILL

Lot of units.

KELMAN

(in numb agreement)

Lot of units.

Her cell rings. She looks at the readout.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

(to Quill)

Munsy.

(MORE)

KELMAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

We've got her. But she's disappeared  
inside a large apartment building.

Quill watches her expression darken as she listens and hangs  
up.

QUILL

Beside the high rise from hell, what's  
the bad news?

KELMAN

Whoever was driving that car wasn't  
Janice Smith.

VIDEO STREAMING IMAGE - CLOSE ON A REFRIGERATED BODY DRAWER

As it's pulled open. We immediately recognize the pale  
lifeless face as JANICE SMITH.

WIDER - INCLUDE KELMAN & QUILL

Watching the image on her cell phone screen. The image pans  
to the face of A CORONER.

CORONER

Her body was found a few hundred  
yards from the Meat Smoking Plant.  
She's been dead at least a day.

QUILL

Cause?

CORONER

Gunshot wound to the heart. Sig  
Sauer, ten mill.

Kelman looks over to Quill.

QUILL

My gun.

KELMAN

(to phone)

Thank you.

The Coroner nods as Kelman disconnects the feed, then turns  
to Quill.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

The Governor arrives at the Federal  
building in two hours.

QUILL  
 FBI's got a license and description  
 on the panel truck, right? They  
 should be able to spot it. Find the  
 truck, it's over.

KELMAN  
 You say that like...

There's a moment.

KELMAN/QUILL  
 (in unison)  
 It's too easy.

A beat as they both turn this over.

KELMAN  
 It's all been too easy. We trace  
 the credit card used in Barbados and  
 get her real identity and the panel  
 truck rental. Her cell phone leads  
 us to the car and the Meat Smoking  
 Plant.

Quill is with her.

QUILL  
 Where we get the target from an up  
 and running laptop.

Kelman considers and then...

KELMAN  
 Someone's playing us. Besides our  
 people, who knew we were looking for  
 Janice Smith?

Kelman's gaze meets Quill's.

INT. A WAREHOUSE - DAY

MOVING AROUND the rear of a panel truck, its doors open.  
 Inside the bed, the TWO ARABIC MEN we saw in the Meat Smoking  
 Plant attach wires to a transmitter, which is connected to a  
 large square package.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES across the side of the van past ABDUL  
 AMIR - the terrorist with Janice Smith in Barbados - and  
settles on JANICE SMITH'S PARENTS.

AMIR  
 The blast radius will be similar to  
 the one in Oklahoma City, but the  
 construction of this device is more  
 sophisticated. The damage will be  
 more extensive.

The Smiths stand awkwardly before their unlikely ally. After a moment...

BOB SMITH

We appreciate your help. As painful as this is, we believe our country will be better off for the lesson it will teach.

AMIR

Your lesson is of no concern to us. But our goals are the same. By helping your cause, Allah is served, and the infidels will be punished.

Off of this chilling statement, we are...

ON THE PANEL TRUCK'S REAR DOORS

As they are slammed shut.

INT. BOB AND HARRIET SMITH'S HOUSE - DAY

VARIOUS ANGLES as Kelman and Quill, weapons drawn, sweep the rooms of the house. As they both meet back in the living room...

KELMAN

The moment we showed up looking for Janice, they changed their plan. Led us around by the nose to the laptop and into an ambush. Only thing they didn't count on was Janice taking one for the team.

QUILL

(nods)

And now we have our people on the Federal Building, while Mom and Pop are delivering the bomb to the actual target.

KELMAN

So any ideas, Quill? You seem to have all this 'out of the box' thinking. Now would be a good time for a little magic.

QUILL

It doesn't work that way.

KELMAN

What doesn't work that way?

Quill is - of course - referring to the images he's been seeing, but has no idea what they are or mean.

QUILL

My brain.

Kelman shakes her head, frustrated.

KELMAN

We're going to tear this place apart.  
I'll start in here.

Quill barely gets out of the room, when...

KELMAN (CONT'D)

Quill!!

She points to a phone on a side table.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

The phone.

QUILL

Everybody has a phone.

KELMAN

Not with three lines. Phone line,  
data line, I buy that. Why a third?

QUILL

Side business?

KELMAN

When we were here, one of the lines  
rang in another room.

Kelman moves toward the room that Harriet Smith went to answer the phone as Quill follows.

INT. SMITH HOUSE - HOME OFFICE

On a desk, religious material, including newsletters, along with a phone, connected to an ANSWERING MACHINE. Kelman pushes a GREETING BUTTON on the answering machine.

BOB SMITH'S VOICE

Greetings from the Hosannah Society,  
serving God's purpose on earth.  
Leave a message after the tone and  
we'll return your call as soon as  
possible.

ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

We see the GOOGLE SEARCH PAGE on which "Hossanah Society" is being typed in. The cursor moves to "search" and clicks on it. The Screen Changes to The Hosannah Society Home Page.

WIDEN

Quill leans over Kelman's shoulder at the computer on the desk. Kelman begins scrolling page after page. We catch bits and pieces of rhetoric as it scrolls by: "Society Gone Astray" "Christian Values Eroded" "Godless Politicians".

She stops on one particular page: "THE MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT - HELPING YOUR CHILDREN KILL YOUR GRANDCHILDREN"

KELMAN

(reading)

"The State Supreme Court is due to announce their decision to permit teenage girls to obtain abortions without the consent of their parents".

Quill leans in closer.

QUILL

(reading)

"The murderous declaration to be read with the full court of Satan's disciples present".

KELMAN

It's today, Quill. In less than an hour.

Off this...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SMITH HOUSE - NIGHT

MOVING WITH Kelman and Quill as they run to their car.

QUILL  
I drive, you call Munsy!

KELMAN  
I can do both!

ANGLE - AS THEY REACH THE CAR

Its sides are scraped up and caved in, both tail lights are broken and the bumper hangs by a thread.

QUILL  
I noticed.

INT. KELMAN AND QUILL'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Quill's behind the wheel, driving fast, weaving in and out of traffic just as recklessly as Kelman ever did. Kelman - riding shotgun - stares at her cell in frustration. Quill glances over.

QUILL  
Still no bars?

Quill looks back to see a car suddenly pull in front of him.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Quill swerves to avoid a collision, sending the car onto the shoulder. As he comes back onto the blacktop...

INT. KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The momentum has slid Kelman right next to Quill, her hand landing inadvertently on his thigh. Awkward moment. He raises an eyebrow playfully. She notices and quickly moves back to her side.

KELMAN  
(staring at her cell)  
Bars!

She pushes "send".

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Police cars and heavy security are in evidence as CAMERA PICKS UP MUNSY. He answers his cell.

MUNSY  
 Busy here, Kelman.

INTERCUT:

INT. KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR - TRAVELING

Quill driving like a madman, Kelman on the phone.

KELMAN  
 The Federal Building was a misdirect.  
 The likely target's the Supreme Court  
 Building.

MUNSY  
 What've you got?

KELMAN  
 A solid set of probables based on  
 good circumstantial.

MUNSY  
 Then what you have is a theory.  
 Check it out. I'll see how many  
 units the Feds are willing to  
 redirect.

EXT. MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT - NIGHT

Press vans are parked among the cars on the streets outside  
 the courthouse. REPORTERS are doing their "stand-ups", as  
 people stream into the building.

KELMAN AND QUILL'S CAR

Pulls up.

INT. KELMAN AND QUILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Scanning the area, they see no sign of a panel truck.

KELMAN  
 Check out the rear.

Quill puts the car in gear and pulls out.

INT. MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT - NIGHT

The gallery is packed, as reporters and photographers jockey  
 for position. The Justices sit on the Bench in their robes.  
 The CHIEF JUSTICE leans into the Microphone.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
 Abortion is the most contested issue  
 the Court has ever faced.  
 (MORE)

CHIEF JUSTICE (CONT'D)  
Parental consent brings an additional  
set of circumstances to take into  
consideration...

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

A WHITE PANEL TRUCK is parked to one side of the alley.  
Down the alley, headlights appear, then go out.

ON KELMAN & QUILL

Walking toward the truck, weapons drawn. Kelman sweeps it  
slowly with her flashlight, as Quill aims his on the license  
plate.

QUILL  
Plate matches.

Kelman points her light inside.

THEIR POV - THE CAB

The beam traces the steering wheel, dashboard, and driver's  
side of the seat before stopping on a CELL PHONE on the  
passenger side. A wire leads from it leads towards the back  
of the truck.

KELMAN (O.S.)  
It's wired to the back.

We FOLLOW THE LIGHT BEAM toward the cargo compartment. From  
the angle, it's difficult to see anything in detail but  
something large is covered by a plastic tarp.

QUILL (O.S.)  
Probably enough fertilizer and ANFO  
to carve out the whole block.

WIDER

Kelman holsters her weapon, pulls out her cell and dials, as  
Quill keeps searching.

KELMAN  
(into cell, urgently)  
No longer a theory, Munsy. There's  
a white panel truck in the alley  
behind the court building wired to  
blow using a cell phone trigger. We  
need resources here now.

She clicks off.

QUILL

They wired the doors to trigger the bomb if they're opened. We could smash the windshield, but the force of the impact, and the flying glass could...

(beat)

And, at this point, the Smiths could be a hundred miles from here and all it's going to take is one phone call.

Kelman thinks about that.

KELMAN

But I don't think they are.

(a sudden idea)

This is personal for them. A matter of soul and conscience.

Kelman's mind is racing. She begins scanning the buildings around them.

QUILL

Personal enough that they'd want to be close enough to watch it happen.

He begins scanning the buildings with her. After a moment...

QUILL (CONT'D)

There.

Kelman follows his gaze to...

A HIGH RISE DOWN THE STREET

A sign announces these are "NEW CONDOMINIUMS, OPENING SOON".

A DIM, FLICKERING LIGHT can be seen coming from one of the upper story windows.

QUILL

Construction crew wouldn't be working this late.

KELMAN

Long shot.

QUILL

(agreeing)

Long shot.

(then)

Check it out. I'll see if I can find a way to get into this truck and defuse the trigger.

KELMAN

But if the doors are booby-trapped...

QUILL  
I'll think of something.

Kelman weighs her options, which are basically - none.

INT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The Chief Justice continues to deliver the Court's decision.

CHIEF JUSTICE  
...we find this law, allowing minors  
who choose to carry pregnancy to  
term to do so uninhibited, while  
requiring those who seek abortion to  
notify a parent or guardian, to be  
biased and prejudicial. The State  
can't have it both ways.

MATCH CUT TO:

A T.V. SCREEN

Showing the Chief Justice continuing his speech.

WIDER - THE SMITHS

Watching the decision on a small portable t.v. in a section  
of unfinished floor in the building that Quill pointed out.  
Through the window, the Courthouse is in clear view across  
the street.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kelman moves quickly and quietly up the partially finished  
staircase, her gun drawn.

THE ALLEY

Quill is using his pocket Swiss Army Knife to methodically  
remove the molding from the Panel Van's windshield. It's  
slow going.

THE STAIRS

Reaching the floor where they saw the light, Kelman hears  
the sound of a television. She activates the laser site on  
her weapon...a red dot appears on the floor where it's  
pointed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

She moves out of the stairwell into the room. Behind a  
plastic construction sheet, she can make out the figures of  
the Smiths in the low glow of the t.v. screen. Bob pulls  
out his cell phone.

## THE ALLEY

The molding removed, Quill has part of the windshield free, and is gently rocking it back and forth. Suddenly there's a POP! The Windshield rockets out of its the seal and crashes over end onto the hood, spider-veining into a thousand cracks!

Quill holds his breath, waiting for the explosion. After a moment, he finally exhales. As he climbs onto the hood and begins crawling through the opening, we are back...

## IN THE ROOM UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Bob and Harriet Smith continue to watch the Chief Justice deliver the verdict that has brought them to this. Bob looks to his wife who nods. He's about to start entering numbers into the cell when Harriet reacts to...

## A RED DOT

On Bob's shirt. She suddenly lunges at him, pushing him to the floor.

## ON KELMAN

Rushing into the room. Harriet raises a handgun and begins FIRING! Kelman returns the fire, her shot missing Harriet, but shattering the window behind them.

## THE SMITHS

Scramble to their feet and rush out of the room, Kelman following.

## CONDO HALLWAY

The Smiths bolt into the hallway passing a stack of pipes held in place by a retaining tie. Bob rips the tie off and pushes the stack. They fall to the floor just as

## KELMAN

Comes into the hallway, the pipes rolling at her feet. She goes down and struggles back up.

## ANOTHER AREA IN THE BUILDING

The Smiths take cover behind a stack of dry wall, firing at Kelman as she rushes into the room.

## KELMAN

Takes cover behind a pillar in the middle of the floor.

ON BOB

He begins entering numbers into the cell as Harriet trades gunfire with Kelman. A shot strikes Bob's leg. He cries out in pain, dropping the phone which skitters across the concrete floor out of their reach.

INSIDE THE PANEL TRUCK IN THE ALLEY

Quill sits with the "trigger cellphone", holding his own cell to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH KELMAN:

On her cell from behind the pillar.

QUILL  
We're clear. I powered off the cell.

Kelman takes the news in - not sure what to think.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
Popped the windshield and crawled inside. Once I got in, took all of a few seconds.

KELMAN  
A few seconds.

QUILL  
Yeah.

There's a moment. A moment they've had before. Both recognize the moment at the same time. A beat, then...

QUILL (CONT'D)  
Too easy.

KELMAN  
Too easy.

QUILL  
(yells)  
Too damn easy!!!

KELMAN  
(beat)  
What else could there be!?

QUILL  
I don't know!!

Quill begins sweeping the bed of the truck with his flashlight.

WITH KELMAN

Reacting to Bob Smith reaching toward the cell phone on the concrete. A shot from Kelman sends him back.

IN THE TRUCK

Quill climbs into the bed and shines his light around, then focuses on a gap between the explosives and the wall of the truck. At the bottom lies ANOTHER CELL PHONE, with more wires leading from it to the explosives. Quill jams his arm down the gap. It's tight.

BACK IN THE ROOM

Bob reaches out again for the phone. Despite Kelman's gunfire, he manages to grasp it and pull it to him.

WITH QUILL

His arm in the gap. It's painful, but he pushes harder. His fingers barely dust the surface of the phone.

BOB SMITH

Continues to enter a phone number into the cell.

ON QUILL'S HAND

Two fingers begin to lift up the trigger cell.

BOB SMITH

Enters the last number.

ON QUILL'S HAND

The trigger cell slips from his grip, and drops back down to the floor, even further from his reach now.

KELMAN

Knows she has no choice. Leaping out, she fires, and so does Harriet. Harriet's shot misses. Kelman's doesn't.

ON BOB

A bullet in his forehead...the trigger-cell on the floor, now completely out of Harriet's reach.

HARRIET

Reaches her hand out towards the cellphone on the floor. A shot from Kelman grazes it and she pulls back.

IN THE PANEL TRUCK

Quill scrambles to the front seat, looks under the dashboard to hot wire it. His Flashlight finds a series of wires connected in a jerry-rigged fashion.

QUILL (CONT'D)  
 (to himself; yet  
another obstacle)  
 Ignition's wired to the bomb. These  
 people aren't stupid.

INT. KELMAN & QUILL'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Quill drives forward until the car butts up against rear of the panel truck. Using the car, he pushes the panel truck to the top of a hill and stops.

OUTSIDE THE CAR

As we hear SIRENS in the distance, Quill rushes to the panel truck and looks over the hill to see...

A STEEP SLOPE

With the River Charles at the bottom. Quill puts his back into it and heaves the truck forward, teetering it on the edge. Quill pushes harder, giving it everything he's got.

THE WHEELS OF THE TRUCK

Slowly begin to move.

IN THE PANEL TRUCK - MOVING

Quill jumps in and muscles the truck's steering wheel, unaided by power steering. He blasts the horn as the panel truck barrels down the hill toward the river.

Pedestrians rush out of the way as the truck runs a red through an intersection, clipping the back end of a cab.

IN THE CONDO BUILDING

A desperate Harriet makes her move. She rushes from behind the stack of drywall toward the phone. Kelman begins FIRING. Round after round slams into Harriet's body as she falls on the phone.

THE TRUCK

Just yards from the water.

HARRIET

In her death throes, grabs the phone and PUSHES SEND.

## THE TRUCK

We hear a CELL PHONE RING as the truck splashes into the Charles River. A second later it EXPLODES into a HUGE FIREBALL.

## IN THE COURTROOM

Like an earthquake, the building shakes and windows blow out, sending people diving for cover.

## KELMAN

On the floor, plaster and glass rain down on her. As everything begins to settle, she get up and moves to a window.

## ACROSS THE STREET

The Court House still stands. Behind it in the distance the burning hulk of the panel truck in the river. She watches with feelings as confused as the memories of the Bleeders in B-Ward.

## EXT. SUPREME COURT BUILDING - NIGHT

As Police Vehicles, ambulances and FBI units converge on the scene, we hear a CELL PHONE RING.

## ON KELMAN

Walking out of the condo into the street, she puts her cell to her ear.

KELMAN

Quill?

INTERCUT:

## EXT. RIVERFRONT - NIGHT

Amid shattered glass and debris, Quill - bloodied - stands at the River's edge.

QUILL

(into cell)

I thought of something.

As the fire continues to rage in the water, Kelman looks on numbly, as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. CITADEL - GAULWAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Kelman sits across from Gaulway and Woolvac.

WOOLVAC

Some test run, Agent Kelman.

KELMAN

It did have its moments.

(then)

Anything on the Arabs?

WOOLVAC

They managed to slip out of the country right after they armed the bomb. Homeland froze the Smith's bank accounts. At least they won't get paid.

GAULWAY

Tell me about Quill. Did you notice anything out of the ordinary with his behavior?

KELMAN

He's a pain in the ass.

GAULWAY

Besides that.

KELMAN

(after a beat)

For a man, he seems pretty reliable.

(off their looks)

He's a good agent.

There is a moment as this seems to register with Woolvac and Gaulway.

KELMAN (CONT'D)

Is that all?

WOOLVAC

Yes. Thank you, Agent Kelman.

As Kelman exits...

WOOLVAC (CONT'D)

A lot of worry for nothing, Walter.  
It looks like you got it right.

ON GAULWAY

His expression says it all -- not convinced.

INT. QUILL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Quill is preparing what looks to be a pretty sophisticated dinner for himself as his CELL RINGS.

QUILL

Quill.

INTERCUT:

INT. KELMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

With a slice of greasy pizza in one hand, she holds her cell in the other.

KELMAN

What're you doing?

QUILL

Making dinner.

KELMAN

Yeah?

(beat)

Me too. Listen, Munsy called. We're headed to Rome tomorrow. He'll brief us in the morning.

QUILL

I'm on pins and needles already.

KELMAN

Quill...

QUILL

Yeah.

KELMAN

I just wanted to say, you know, about the case...

But Kelman hesitates. Giving this man who was once a brutal murderer a compliment -- isn't easy.

QUILL

What about the case?

KELMAN

When push came to shove how you came through and all.

Quill doesn't know what to do with what she just said.

KELMAN (CONT'D)  
It's a compliment Quill. You are  
familiar with the concept?

QUILL  
Look, I'm kinda up to my ass in root  
vegetables, okay?

Kelman nods numbly.

KELMAN  
I'll see you tomorrow.

Quill smiles his rakish smile.

QUILL  
Arrivederci, Kelman.

As Quill hangs up, he pulls out a butcher knife from the  
knife block. As he considers it...

ON QUILL - PUSH INTO HIS EYES

Signature Optical Effect takes to...

BLEEDTHROUGH MODE - STYLIZED SCENE

*A hand holding a butcher knife stabs Gail Blackburn  
repeatedly, blood gushing. As the CAMERA PULLS BACK, we are  
just about to see the face, when we...*

CUT TO BLACK

END OF SHOW